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## Lincoln.

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OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.  
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THE grass is blessed that covers Lincoln's grave—  
A man 'mongst men, who died but not in vain,  
Who won with words of love 'mid strife and pain,  
And blessed the world in all he did or gave.  
He knew no fear; he loved the true and brave;  
He worked for God and Man with might and main;  
His blessings, universal like the rain,  
Helped all alike—the freeman and the slave.

A nation hailed and honored him: but one  
There was who hated him, as demons hate  
The loving heart, the soul that's pure and great.  
A fatal shot—alas! life's race was run,  
And fallen from his post of trust and state  
Was Lincoln—dead, and half his work undone.

## Lincoln as the Ideal of Statesmanship.

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JOHN B. McMAHON, '09.  
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HE most reliable estimate of a man's greatness is not the verdict of his contemporaries, for, that may be and often is biased by intense partisanship. A true test is the verdict of a generation and age that has outgrown the feelings of those times, and views only the great qualities of great men in their true perspective.

A generation has passed since Lincoln occupied the centre of that great struggle which threatened the integrity of this United States; and the verdict of the generation which followed places the name of Lincoln on the pedestal of fame along with that of Washington and a few others of the great benefactors of the American people.

The centennial of his birth has evoked the unanimous tribute of the Nation which he saved, while the other men of his time, the Stantons, the Seward, and the Chases, live in the everyday memory of the American people only in their relation to the great chief—the master of men—Lincoln.

Curiously enough, however, the history of our country furnishes instances of many men who rival and exceed Lincoln in diplomacy, in a theoretical knowledge of statesmanship, and in executive ability. Washington, laboring through the severe winter in Valley Forge and bringing his efforts to a successful close in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, surely rivals Lincoln in the executive ability which both possessed in an eminent degree. Jefferson and Franklin rise above him, it would appear, in the sagacity and shrewdness which make up statesmanship, while neither falls short of him in the inborn ability to conciliate, which is termed diplomacy. In fact, in the entire list of men who stand out as great in American history, there are few who do not, like Hamilton and Clay, Jackson and Adams, rival Lincoln in some of the qualities for which the present generation call him "great."

Why, then, is Lincoln the ideal of statesmanship? Why is he so beloved of the people? It is because Lincoln, as a man, combined with intelligence and capacity three qualities of character that no American before him ever possessed in so eminent a degree; because in all of his actions he reflected the great national virtues of the American people: *democracy, devotion to principle and deep human sympathy*. How transcendent his intellect, or how farseeing his wisdom is of little account in the love in which he

is held by the democratic people of North America. They love him for his plain humanity, because, though one of the most powerful in the councils of the nation, he still remained A. Lincoln, the man who had toiled with the toiler and had a deep feeling of sympathy for the man who does a hard day's work; because he was far above the snobbishness which looks askance at a man who can not trace his ancestry back through a long line of polite, albeit morally corrupt ancestors. He was great because the motive of his life was equality and justice of the broadest kind, because he lacked the diplomacy which compromises principle, tempered his executive powers with a sympathetic knowledge of toiling humanity, and directed his abilities to the interests of his country and of his fellowman.

It is to be hoped that the Centennial celebration, bringing with it, as it does, researches into the life of Lincoln, and analysis of his character and motives will establish more firmly than ever before the true claims of Lincoln to immortality. The ideal of a people is the embodiment of the qualities it most admires and reveres. Lincoln, therefore, as the ideal of American statesmen gives hope that the statesmanship of our age may approach that ideal more and more, and that Lincoln's ideal of a "government of the people, by the people and for the people" may find a better realization than it has during the last decade.

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### Gold Worshipers.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

TOILING for gold! Oh, poor deluded fool,  
Dost think each godly talent but a tool,  
Wherewith to scrape and gather sordid pelf?  
Wilt stake thy all upon an earthly pool  
And damn thyself?

Toiling for gold, ye throw the real away,  
Your lives, your souls; ye know not what ye pay  
For worthless baubles that ye deem a prize.  
Ye seek what glitters for a single day—  
Ere night it dies.

Toiling for gold! Oh man, dig deep within.  
Remove the glutting soil, the guile, the sin,  
And seek thy gold within thine inmost soul;  
Thou'lt find a richer vein; yea, more, thou'lt win  
Thy final goal.

### A Toast.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

Rise up, ye rooters lusty,  
Volley forth a charge of cheers;  
All your vocal chords are rusty,  
U're inclined to foster fears;  
Give nine rousing rahs for those who  
Have such wholesome scores e'er drawn,  
And in winding up, here's one to  
Notre Dame's big centre—Vaughan.

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### A Sensational Arrest.

WILLIAM F. MINNICK, '11.

"Did you see the evening paper, boys?" said Roundsman Garrity as he strode into the large assembly room of the Mercer Street Station-House. "Didn't I tell you that Sergeant Hanley was going to quit? Too bad! Hanley's a good fellow, but what showing has a man when the papers get hold of him?" The dozen policemen congregated in the spacious room looked at Garrity in surprise. This was news, indeed. At last one stockily-built fellow, named Jenkins, who, like all his fellow officers, had his eye open for the promotion, spoke up from his remote seat in the corner of the room:

"Who's slated for the job, Bill? Do the papers give any names?"

"I should say so," returned Garrity, "the *Sun* says that the promotion will probably go to one of the Mercer Street men. It mentions Flaherty, Manning and myself, but the *World* thinks that the Commissioner has policeman Jenkins in mind."

At this latter information there was a hearty laugh and all eyes turned toward Officer Jenkins.

"Did you hear that Jenks?" asked Flaherty, "the *World* is giving you a great boost, old man. I'd push it along if I were you. Even Cap Flood of the Delancey Street squad says that if anyone is entitled to the promotion it is Jenkins."

This was followed by another round of laughter and poor Jenkins flushed. He knew that there was no chance of his receiving such a job, for he had not as yet been

appointed Roundsman. A little too embarrassed to speak, he arose from his seat and glanced at the huge clock on the wall.

"Sure and it's time I was back on beat, boys. I'll have to be gittin' along," so saying he stepped into the street and was soon lost in the great crowd of factory toilers on their way home.

Sergeant Hanley of the Tenderloin Precinct had actually tendered his resignation to the Commissioner, the same to take effect at the end of the week. The papers had been pretty bitter in their attack upon Hanley, not forgetting to criticise the police Commissioner for not "breaking" the officer. It was hinted that Hanley had neglected to shut down two big gambling houses. In fact, an anonymous letter had been sent to the press accusing Hanley of accepting graft, and this letter had appeared in the columns of an evening paper. The Commissioner investigated the charges, and found them true; consequently there was nothing left to be done but to dismiss the officer. In the meantime, Hanley getting word of what was about to happen, lost no time in forwarding his resignation to headquarters. This action on his part saved him the disgrace of a public dismissal.

But who was to get the appointment? This was the question that was being agitated in police circles. It was quite likely that if it didn't go to one of the Mercer Street men, the "plum" would fall to some lucky fellow at headquarters. But even this was doubtful, as the Commissioner was in bad humor over the neglect of duty on the part of some of the headquarter's squad, as also of the Mercer Street Precinct. Automobiles were permitted to race at break-neck speed up and down lower Broadway, endangering the lives of many at the crossings. Recently two ladies had been run down by one, and numerous complaints were forwarded to headquarters, resulting in a warm rebuke to the Mercer Street men. And although there were many opinions as to who Hanley's successor would be, still things were unusually quiet among the men.

"Well, Jack," said Officer Flaherty to his companion, Manning, "it looks as if you'll land it sure. The talk at headquarters seems to point that way, though some say that Garrity and myself are on the slate.

You can't get a word from Green; the old duffer is pretty sore over last week's accident. He claims that the officer on beat wasn't attending to business, or old man Clarke wouldn't have been hurt by the big Vanderbilt machine. Too bad it had to occur at such a time."

"Oh, let us forget it," spoke up Manning. "Green will cool down in a few days. Just wait until the smoke blows over and things will turn out all right. 'Tisn't the first time the old man raised a 'rumpus.'"

At that moment the door opened and policeman Jenkins entered. His fat cheeks were a deep red caused by the chilly blasts of November, and he heard a great sigh as he closed the door behind him.

"What's up, Jenk?" said one of his companions, "been up to see the Commissioner? Turned down, eh?" At this remark all three men laughed heartily, and Jenkins, with a complacent smile on his face, took a seat beside them.

"Sure, boys, I'm not looking for the job. I've been in the Department only a few years and there are a hundred or more before me. But, begorrah! I hear that ye are mentioned for it. They say up town that if ye don't land the job probably ye'll land a little vacation on the Island."

"Don't tell us you're not looking for it," replied Manning, "you know you'd like to make a hit with Kate Malone, and that's the only way you can do it." Jenkins's face flushed at the remark.

"You seem to know more about the Malone affairs than Kate does."

"Oh, I don't know, I can see when my eyes are open, you know."

On the day preceding the appointment, Policeman Jenkins mounted on his fine black steed was doing duty at the corner of Broadway and Delancey Streets. His thoughts were taken up with wondering who Hanley's successor would prove to be and thinking of "what a good thing that man would come in for who should land the job," when, chancing to look down the street, he espied a huge automobile coming at top-speed up the thoroughfare. Jenkins waited until the machine drew near and then ordered a halt. But the great vehicle dashed past him. He immediately gave chase. It seemed at first that the offenders

were going to escape, but the black horse soon got straightened out, and gained fast. The chauffeur endeavored several times to dodge out of the way, but the determined policeman dogged him at every turn, and finally succeeded in enforcing a halt. It took only a few words from Jenkins to convince the chauffeur and the closely curtained occupants of the machine that they were under arrest for exceeding the speed-limit law, and despite vigorous protests by the excited French chauffeur, the triumphant officer guided his prisoners to the Mercer Street Station. Upon arriving there, Jenkins ordered the driver to dismount and walk in, at the same time opening the door of the automobile to allow the occupants to alight.

"I am sorry, Madam," spoke up the policeman as a lady stepped out, "but your chauffeur was breaking the law, and it was my duty to arrest him."

The apology was scarcely concluded when the appearance of the other occupant fairly petrified Jenkins with astonishment. He had abundance of nerve, but he was not prepared for this development. The gentleman was the Police Commissioner himself.

For a moment the situation was master of poor "Jenk." What should he do? The side-walk was already thronged with persons eager to see who might be the victims, and when they saw it was Commissioner Green and his wife, a murmur went around followed by a half-suppressed merriment. The Commissioner said not a word, but merely looked solemn and turned to Jenkins as though awaiting orders. Jenkins could not dismiss Green, as the crowd would jeer at him and he would be the laughing-stock of the town; and besides he thought that duty was in his favor. He made up his mind promptly and marched his prisoners into the court-room.

Flaherty and Manning were in the room at the time, and they almost collapsed with surprise when they beheld Jenkins and his followers. Jenkins gritting his teeth, walked straight to the sergeant's desk, and in a tremulous voice, before the gaping officers and the curious crowd, entered his complaint. Sergeant O'Brien was dumfounded. Such an arrest had never been recorded before. Plainly, there was only one thing to

be done—apply the law. With a stern and stolid countenance and feeling that this would prove his last day in the Mercer St. Station, he fined Mr. Green ten dollars. The latter quickly paid the fine, and, with a stern face, left the court. As the door closed behind him the sergeant broke out:

"You—fool, Jenkins! Is it possible that you have made such a fool of yourself and me? We'll all get the bounce, that's dead certain."

The other officers gathered around Jenkins, who, feeling that all was over, his position and prospect, sat down resignedly on the bench.

"You might as well resign now before he gets a chance to 'break' you," said Flaherty. "You know how touchy Green is. He'd never stand such treatment."

The following afternoon Jenkins and his companions were gathered in the court-room discussing the affair of the day previous. While Flaherty was reproving his downcast friend for not having used more judgment in making the arrest, the door opened, and a messenger from headquarters stepped up to the sergeant's desk.

"For Officer Michael Jenkins, sir," and laying the letter on the desk he quietly withdrew.

"I'm afraid it's what we've been expecting," spoke up Sergeant O'Brien, as he passed the letter to Jenkins, the latter receiving it with trembling hand. All was quiet as Jenkins with a little tremble tore open the envelope. With gloomy anticipations he perused a few lines, and then a big smile brought back his color. Then he read aloud, but modestly:

"Officer Michael Jenkins,

"Dear Sir:

"You will please report to headquarters at once, and receive the appointment to fill the vacancy occasioned by Sergeant Hanley's retirement. You are my man for the position, as yesterday's incident proved clearly to me that you attend strictly to business. This is the man I want.

"Respectfully yours,

"Francis J. Green,

"Commissioner of Police."

He turned to his astonished brother-officers: "Well, boys, I guess Kate will be pleased to hear it."

## At Lincoln's Grave.

—  
JOSEPH A. QUINLAN, '11.  
—

A SPOTLESS mantle, weaved from virgin snow,  
Conceals beneath its winding folds a mound  
Of earth. Since first Spring's verdant blades did grow  
Upon that grave, an hundred years have found  
Their way into our Nation's life and ground  
Deep imprints on her brow. We honor thee,  
O noble Lincoln. May thy praise resound  
Both far and wide; and mayst thou ever be  
A gleaming light-house high upon life's troubled sea.

—  
The Drama of Spain.  
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JOHN B. McMAHON, '09.  
—

There is a striking similarity between the development of dramatic art in England and that of the same art in Spain. The time of its beginning in England corresponds very closely with that of its first rise in Spain. The drama of English literature evolved from the old English Morality plays, while in Spain the spiritual performances of a like character constituted the first real drama. The dramatic history of England recites of a 'so-called' classical period, marked by a close imitation of ancient Greek dramas, which is closely paralleled in the history of Spanish dramas. The two evolutions resulted in the creation of a national drama for the respective nations. They resemble each other in their disregard for old rules and in general construction. Finally, in both England and Spain the dramatic forms the most brilliant portion of the literature of these countries.

The immediate origin of the Spanish drama dates from the Fifteenth Century. While it did not begin to exist as such until the time of Lope de Vega, a conflict of poetic ideas commenced at this period which resulted in the present constitution of art in Spain. At this time farces of low literary merit and a great number of Morality plays constituted Spanish dramatic literature.

The first specimens of this period—the reign of Charles V., 1515-1556, and strange to say, during the terror which so many claim was instilled by the Inquisition—was the production of a body known as the "Erudite

Party." This school was composed of learned and cultured men who attempted to formulate a national style for dramatic composition. They were classical in their conception of dramatic beauty, and desired the Spanish drama to be modelled closely after the ancient models. Unfortunately, however, or fortunately, we should say, for the subsequent dramatic development, the school numbered among its members some of sufficient knowledge of the truly dramatic, and genius successfully to imitate these classical models. Accordingly, their efforts were confined to mere translations which, because they were out of sympathy with Spanish tradition, and because they were in prose, failed in their purpose. It was during this attempt that Plautus, Terence, Euripides and many others found their first introduction into Spanish literature. Unsuccessful and unpopular from the beginning, no effort appears to have been made to act these plays. There were, however, several translations of Portuguese plays which were acted with a modicum of success. If some great poet had belonged to this school at this time and had composed according to his conception of dramatic beauty, it is not improbable that he would have fixed himself as a model, and have given to the drama of Spain a character and style very different from what it actually exhibits.

A party almost contemporaneous with this school was known as the "moralistic." They wrote a great number of dramas on the principle that the drama ought to be explicitly didactic. Accordingly their plays are only insipid lessons in morality, of no literary worth, and even in their day never attained any great success. Moreover, they were of such length that, if enacted, the performance would become tedious. One feature characterized them which should be noted since it was maintained in the subsequent development,—the blending of the tragic and the comic, instead of adhering, as had been done in the previous production, to one species or the other.

While the early efforts of the Sixteenth Century made no contribution to the real dramatic literature of Spain, they are noteworthy as marking the first activities along dramatic lines. It was in consequence of the interest that had been aroused that Barto-

lome Torres Naharro early in the Seventeenth Century undertook the composition of several comedies. This man had the instinct of genius, and profiting by the failures of the past, he wrote several comedies which met with such success that he is styled the "father of Spanish comedy." They were really the first comedies that were acted with success. He makes no attempt to inculcate moral lessons. He departs from the iron-clad rules of the classic drama, and does not adhere to unities of time and place. Intrigue, which later became such a prominent feature in the Spanish drama, reaches a high stage of development in his few comedies. One thing alone he failed to observe: the proper delineation and development of his characters. Nevertheless, his works deserve a mention and place in the literature of his country, because it was due to him that the drama evolved so rapidly as to make ready in a few years for a De Vega and a Calderon. It was he who created and determined the dramatic style of Spain.

Despite the vast improvement of his efforts on those of previous years, his works presently sank into oblivion; for other authors, profiting in turn by his success, rapidly added to his style, remedied his defects, and supplanted him for the time. Prominent among these was Lope de Rueda, a native of Seville. Himself an actor he readily perceived that the plays of Naharro were lacking in characterization. He wrote several plays, closely resembling those of his predecessors in general construction, but superior in the portrayal of character. He acted his own plays and contributed much to their success. Authorities characterize his works as dignified, full of intrigue, complicated in plot and of considerable literary merit. Judging from these accounts, his plays were those of Naharro plus character.

But up to this time Spain had not produced any master-dramatist. There had been some able playwrights, it is true, but no Spanish Shakespeare to determine the style for good. It was impossible to create a lasting, beautiful and really national drama unless some one with great genius in dramatic composition would study the character of the people and further adapt what had already been discovered by experiment to their peculiar characteristics. The old classical plays

had been a failure in Spain. Experience in the case of Naharro and others had demonstrated that the further an author deviated from these old and stiffening rules, the freer in the choice of material he was, the more successful were his efforts in public esteem. It was just at this period—the close of the Sixteenth Century—that the need was supplied by the appearance of Lope de Vega. Varied in his military and civil experiences, he commenced to write only when well advanced in life. He was eminently a man of genius, and practical. He studied the people. He realized that it must be an object of all poetry to please, and on this principle he proceeded to work. His success was marvelous. It is estimated that he gave the Spanish theatre over two thousand plays, of which only a couple of hundred are yet in print. Authorities say that his works exhibit "beautiful fancy and fascinating ease and an animation of composition." He was thoroughly Spanish in his writings, drawing his material from Spanish history and tradition. However, the best evidence of De Vega's high merit is that for the next century and a half every dramatic poet of consequence followed closely in his footsteps as regards style and freedom of construction. Yet, as we have seen, De Vega only followed out what Naharro had initiated. It is interesting to note that so far every successful dramatist in Spain attained his success by a total disregard of the rules that originally were supposed to govern the making of a drama.

From De Vega's time down to the middle of the Seventeenth Century there was little change. Many able dramatists arose, but they were only satellites of De Vega and imitators without the genius necessary to give them a high place.

About this time Pedro Calderon de la Barca became to Spanish literature in general and to the drama in particular what Racine was to the French: the cultured and careful dramatist. It is estimated that he wrote close to two hundred dramas. He rivals De Vega in inventive talent; was closely similar to him in general construction, but much more refined both in language and in portrayal of character. Superior in grace, subtilty and ingenuousness of plot, but inferior art, less bold and lacking in the in-

dividuality so observable in De Vega's works.

A close friend of Calderon's, a collaborator in some of his works and a poet and dramatist of almost equal rank, was Antonio de Solis. His plays are not so bold in imagination, but exhibit ease, animation and great regularity. Augustin Moreto surpassed Calderon in wit and comic talent, but his works were few, and these few are too much like caricature. Another contemporary of Calderon's was Ferso de Molina, or Gabriel Sellen. He vied with Calderon in bold invention and was very prolific.

With these names this short sketch of Spanish dramatic history must close. To give a comprehensive and proper history of this field would take volumes. The purpose of this paper was merely to trace out the growth of the drama down to its highest stage as reached in De Vega and Calderon.

It might be noted in conclusion that almost all of Spain's dramas are thoroughly pure, as we should expect in a thoroughly Catholic people, that they are poetic and grand, as is to be expected in a Latin and hot-blooded people, and that it is more intensely national than those of any nation in the world. The Spanish drama is a sphere well worthy of the attention and study which it is now beginning to attract. The Spanish character is a unique and pronounced one, and there is no expression of that character as faithful and adequate as that which is to be found in Spain's drama.

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### The Debater.

If you go to see a fellow  
And he's buried in a pile  
Of banking books and pamphlets  
And you say, "Hello" and smile,  
He may rise in awful anger  
And shout, "Go, there's the door,"  
And you'd better not rebut him;  
Just be wise, but don't "get sore,"  
Because he's a debater.

When you see a student walking  
All alone along the road,  
And he's cutting air with gestures  
And you fear he will explode  
With the knowledge that seems in him,  
Just cry out, "Say, kid, get sense,"  
If he neither sees nor hears you,  
Pray don't think he means offense,  
Because he's a debater.

G. J. F.

### The Gay Despot.

—  
GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.  
—

OH, gay are the glistening snowflakes,  
And the schoolboy's heart is gay,  
As he trudges along  
With a merry song,  
And fights in a fancied fray  
With old King Winter, the Despot  
Who has come to rule at last  
O'er mead and pond  
With his icy wand,  
And his sceptre, the smiting blast.

Oh, glad is the song of the sleigh-bells,  
And the snow-bird's ditty is glad,  
And the trees are gay  
In their silver display,  
While the vines are diamond-clad.  
Then welcome to thee, dread ruler,  
Thou king of boisterous mirth,  
By thy royal decree  
Let thy winds blow free  
And scatter thy gems o'er the earth.

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### Earthquakes.

—  
MICHAEL A. MATHIS, '10.  
—

The destruction of property, loss of life, and horror of nature's worst cataclysm, the earthquake, have forced upon men's minds the study of this phenomenon. Not until very recently, however, was attention given to it in a scientific way. Ancient writers like Strabo, Pliny and Livy have tried to explain the phenomenon, but with no definite or useful scientific results.

The earthquake of Lisbon in 1755 led the Rev. John Michell, Professor of Mineralogy at Cambridge, to study the phenomenon. In 1760 he published an essay in which he conceived that if the earth were a body having a liquid interior covered by a thin crust that waves might be generated in this subterranean liquid great enough to shake the crust, thus causing that tremor which we call an earthquake. His illustration of the movement of the ground is that of a loose carpet thrown into undulations

by being shaken at one corner. This theory is not accepted by modern seismologists—the science of earthquakes being called seismology, on the ground that the wave-motion referred to by the Rev. John Michell is not true wave-motion. Modern seismologists believe that the earthquake is a vibratory motion propagated through the solid materials of the earth, much in the same way as sound is propagated by vibrations in the atmosphere. This view was first suggested by Dr. Thomas Young in 1807. In 1846 another Englishman, Mr. Mallet, who has obtained the best results in seismology, held the same view. That the movement of the ground is vibratory has been confirmed by actual experiments and by observations during and after earthquakes.

The origin of this wave-motion is, however, not yet definitely known. "It has been suggested that water, finding its way through fissures in the earth's crust, might reach highly-heated rocks and remain quietly in a spheroidal condition until a local reduction of temperature suddenly causes it to flash into steam." But Mr. Mallet argues that such fractures caused by steam could produce only weak impulses. Volger and Mohr have suggested that some of the small earthquakes which have been felt in Germany may be referred to the falling-in of roofs of enormous subterranean cavities.

But Mr. Mallet, with the very latest authorities on the subject, is of the opinion that any great concussion even upon the earth's surface is bound to produce tremors; thus the great landslide at Rossberg in Switzerland in 1806 was accompanied by a local quaking of the ground.

The *Independent* published a scientific discussion on the last earthquake-horror at Messina in which this very line of argument was taken up. The *Independent* observes: "The Mediterranean basin, on whose shore Messina is situated, is a great sunken block of the earth's crust in which the downward movement is still in progress. As the sinking continues adjustments of the rock-layers are made necessary, and when the strain becomes sufficiently powerful relief is obtained by the sliding of the strata along a plane of breakage called a fault plane.

Then an earthquake is produced by the jarring and grinding of the rocks together as they slip, and the intensity of the shock varies with the amount of movement. Sometimes it is only enough to cause a tremor that is not noticeable except it be recorded by delicate instruments; or it may be a movement of sufficient strength to be felt in all parts of the world, and to cause vast destruction near the centre of disturbance."

Whatever may be the real origin of the earthquake, it is convenient to regard its effects as proceeding from a concussion or sudden blow delivered at some definite centre. This centre of impulse is called the seismic focus. Around the seismic centre particles of rock will be squeezed together by the concussion and then separate by virtue of the elasticity of the solid medium, thus setting up a wave-motion through the solid crust of the earth. Each particle may move only a few inches, but the undulation may travel for hundreds of miles through a rock medium.

The catalogue of earthquakes compiled by Mr. Mallet shows that the six or seven thousand earthquakes which occurred between 1606 B. C. and 1842 A. D. took place in two clearly marked belts of the earth's surface which are rocky regions and near the sea. This is evidence that the latest theory of the origin of earthquakes is correct. One of these belts encircles the Pacific Ocean, the other extends east and west including Central America, the West Indies, the Mediterranean, Asia Minor and Southern Asia.

The widespread belief that volcanic action and the earthquake phenomenon are related because the majority of volcanoes are found in earthquake regions is not conclusive, because volcanic and seismic activities are different physical phenomena, and because we have had many earthquakes, like that of San Francisco, far removed from the nearest active volcano. Even at Messina the worst effects of the shock were not felt near Mount Etna nor near the volcanic Stromboli to the north, but about midway between the two.

The value of a scientific knowledge of the earthquake phenomenon can not be overestimated. So far seismology teaches us that we should not build our cities near



fault lines, and that if we do build them the houses must be constructed to resist the vibratory wave-motion experienced during the earthquake, and furthermore that the buildings should be far enough removed from the sea to be at a safe distance from the tidal wave caused by the sliding of the strata on fault lines, which, as at Messina, generally complete the work of destruction done by the earthquake itself.

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Through the Night.

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OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

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THE sun has set, his golden rays  
Are vanished from the strand,  
The pall of shadows, shroud of night,  
Is falling o'er the land.

In arching space the twinkling stars  
Their gleams of light send forth;  
The pale moon-disc adorns the sky,  
The Evening Star, the North.

In forest depths is heard the call  
Of hooting owls, alone:  
The gladdening flowers are hidden now,  
And birds of song are flown.

The world is wrapped in Stygian black  
While nature takes her rest—  
A new-born day, bedecked with stars  
Rolls on from East to West.

Afar, behold the East aglow  
With longed-for rays of light,  
And see! the dawn of morn ascends  
O'er hill-tops through the night.

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Life is What You Make It.

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GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

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THE man who seeks in life  
To do and not to gain,  
And labors that his strife  
For virtue be not vain:

The man whose deeds are fraught  
With love for all that live,  
Who feels that he earns naught  
When he has naught to give—

That man no praises needs,  
Nor monuments of clay;  
Engraven are his deeds  
In hearts, to live for aye.

Sophomore Science.

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A religion without sacrifice is no religion at all.

Men, like cattle, need an occasional change of pasture.

An ounce of good will is worth more than a ton of gold.

He who resists temptation is not only virtuous but wise.

Who minds his own business will have constant employment.

You can't always tell from a man's word how big his heart is.

Sometimes the best way to lose a friend is to lend him money.

Money will make the mare go, but prudence must hold the reins.

The fact that money talks is no reason why poverty should not speak up for its rights.

Everybody knows that money talks, but did you ever observe the kind of grammar it uses?

"Where there's a will, there's a way," and if we wish to get anywhere we must go the way.

This cold world would soon freeze even the warmest hearts were the fire of charity allowed to die out.

A large number of our New Year resolutions are like footprints in the snow: they are very definite at first, but soon melt away.

In fair weather the path of the "skiver" is paved with demerits, and it's an ill snow-storm that does give him a chance to work some of them off.

An amiable man without much ability is often seen, as also the able man without much or any amiability. Too rarely do we find these qualities well mixed.

It is accounted fortunate to be rich. It is thought honorable to be famous, but true contentment and lasting happiness comes only to the man who starts out in life with a definite aim and day by day sees himself approach that point of perfection which he knows will bring him more than worldly praise and worldly gain.

# Notre Dame Scholastic

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—Although the American people are given to hero-worship, it must be confessed that the hero in question must be a man of the hour. When Admiral Dewey so gallantly stormed Manila. *National Heroes.* on May 1, 1898, he was the idol of the people. His name was on every lip, his picture looked down from every conspicuous place. The newspapers gave columns to his life history. Babies were named for him. Dewey hotels grew up like mushrooms and Dewey cocktails were to be had at every bar. To-day he is almost forgotten. Even his place of residence is unknown to the general public. When Richmond Pearson Hobson sunk the Merrimac, thus bottling up the Spanish fleet, he, too, was raised to the pedestal. There was another epidemic of baby-naming. Hobson hats became the fashion and Hobson cocktails were the boon of the thirsty. We blush to mention that kissing bees were also in vogue about this time. To-day Mr. Hobson has lost his prestige. He has retired into private life, and had he not "mixed" in the political game to a certain extent, his deed of daring would be remembered only in the school histories; and so it has been with most of our national heroes: they were worshipped one moment and forgotten the next. Perhaps

we are not fully culpable for this attitude. It is a national characteristic. In our hurry and flurry we must have our heroes as we run. There is no time to stop for silent and consistent homage. If Mr. Hero doesn't keep pace with us, he is unceremoniously left behind, and we take up with the first up-to-date cavalier that does a deed. This is all right for our ordinary heroes, but there comes a time when the busiest of the busy American must pause in his wild flight. There are two heroes that claim more than passing notice. On the twelfth of this month we celebrate Lincoln's birthday; on the twenty-second the birthday anniversary of Washington is observed. Here are two heroes worthy of the name. They stand hand in hand—one the maker, the other the savior of the country: Washington and Lincoln—the greatest names in all our history. At the mention of these names what a wealth of thought should present itself: moving armies gallantly fighting in the face of adversity, the deeds of noble men and the breaking of the cruel chains of servitude, liberty for the white American and liberty for the black American—those are the associations coupled with the names of Washington and Lincoln. February should be a hallowed month. Its two great days should be duly observed, and every young man should take pride in helping to keep them sacred.

—Another blow has been dealt to art by the Grim Reaper: Constant Coquelin, actor and scholar, is dead. This man, who was the greatest actor in France, Coquelin. worked almost until his last moment. He was preparing a new play by M. Rostand with which he expected to achieve another triumph. Coquelin was an institution. He was to his French stage what Irving was to the English or Jefferson to the American. He lived for art. He was a firm believer in the higher kind of drama, and his efforts were given entirely to the elevation of the stage. And now he is but a memory. Another will arise to take his place, and Constant Coquelin will be forgotten. But, whether it may be recognized or not, his influence will probably endure for a long time. May he rest in peace.

## The Engineers' Excursion.

On Thursday, Jan. 28, about twenty-five engineering students, accompanied by Professors Green and Trevino, started on their annual visit to the Electrical Show in Chicago. The trip was made in a special car from South Bend over the Chicago, Lake Shore and South Bend Electric Railroad. The interior of the car was decorated with gold and blue bunting and Notre Dame pennants, and the students took every precaution to make the journey a pleasant one. Having arrived at Michigan City a stop was made at the railway company's repair shops. Mr. H. U. Wallace, General Manager of the railroad, met the visitors and conducted them through the various departments, while Mr. A. Jardine, chief engineer of the power-house, and Mr. Fred Hume, the electrical engineer, assisted in explaining whatever proved of interest.

An interesting feature of their equipment is the single phase motors, some of which were taken apart in order to permit a study of their construction. In the power-house a Westinghouse turbine was uncovered, showing the rotary parts and blades. The Lake Shore Electric Railroad is one of the few roads in the country using the alternating current motors on the cars. The controlling devices are operated by compressed air. The voltage at the terminals of the dynamos is 6600, and the near-by sections of the trolley line are operated at this voltage from bus bars. To the more distant sections the power is delivered at a voltage of 33,000 and is then stepped down in the sub-station to 6600.

The next stop of the party was at Gary, Ind. At Gary are located the largest steel mills in the world. Two years ago the spot now covered by these immense works was a barren desert. The works are modern in every sense and electrical power is used throughout. The large generators driven by gas engines offer a most interesting study. A deep water channel has been dredged out to accommodate the boats bringing the ore from the Lake Superior mines. The ore is taken from the boats by electrically operated hoists and conveyed to the blast furnaces; while the melted iron

is carried away from the furnaces by electric railroads.

Leaving Gary, the students went direct to Chicago, where they visited the Electrical Show in the evening. At the show were assembled working exhibits, including motor driven machinery and new devices in actual operation, illustrating the development of the applications of electrical power in manufacturing. All the latest novelties that appeal to the general public and every imaginable novelty that electrical companies are exploiting for the comfort and convenience of the home appeared on exhibition.

The lighting scheme employed 10,000 of the new Tungsten lamps in arches across the aisles from booth to booth. In the main part of the exhibition hall the ceiling was a special feature. Over it was spread a dark blue cloth through which appeared myriads of small bulbs, which with the use of a thermostatic interrupter, gave the appearance of twinkling stars in the sky at night. The Naval exhibit in the annex, illustrating all the uses of electricity on the modern battleship, drew the attention of a number of the young men interested in the marine service. The best exhibit was of the wireless telegraph and wireless telephone. Here also the Tungsten lamps were much in evidence and used to good advantage for general illumination and decorative effect.

The severe blizzard on Friday forced the sight-seers to continue their observations under difficulties. However, they went to the Exchange of the Chicago Telephone Company where, through the courtesy of the Assistant-Manager, Mr. Glenn Wray, several hours were spent studying the details of telephony on a large scale. This exchange is one of the largest in the world, and in it are controlled the connections from about 84,000 subscribers.

Mr. McMorrان, a student in Brownson Hall, then took charge of the party and conducted them to the office of the Globe Heat-Powers Company, where the officers of the company explained at some length the new-style heating devices. It seems that they have solved the problem of smokeless combustion of fuel. The inventor, Mr. Doyle, indicated and explained the various features

of his new devices and incidentally imparted much general information of value.

Two other places of interest were the Automatic Telephone Exchange and the Commonwealth Edison Station on Fiske St. Mr. Charles M. Church, a former engineering student at Notre Dame, is in charge of the automatic switch boards and no favor was too great for him to bestow on his friends from old *Alma Mater*. The General Manager took them through the Illinois Tunnel, through which pass electrically operated freight trains forty feet under the level of the streets, and the cables containing the wires leading to the subscribers of the Automatic Exchange. A representative of the company which manufactures the apparatus for these exchanges met the party here and led the way to the factory where the operations of punching the metallic parts of the switch were shown, and on to where magnets are wound and to the rooms in which, assembling and testing of the switches is done, finally coming to the Exhibition Room with the sample switch-boards and subscribers' sets connected ready for actual use. Before leaving the works each student was presented with some literature describing the product of the company.

The Commonwealth Edison Electric Co., employing units of the Curtis-steam-turbine type, is the largest in existence. Its large output in kilowatts, considering the small floor space occupied, is remarkable. The station is complete in all modern labor-saving devices. In the boiler room was found the automatic stoker, while motor-driven conveyors bring the coal from the railroad cars and carry away the ashes. A very noticeable feature was the neat and comfortable rooms for the operating force, who are supplied with library and reading rooms. A proof of the rapid evolution of power-plant equipment was shown in the turbine room; all the turbines which were originally installed a few years ago are being taken away one by one and new ones of the latest type substituted for them.

The visitors attended the show a second time on Friday night, and on Saturday night went to see the First Regiment Meet in which the Notre Dame Track Team captured some fine honors. Most of the party returned

to the University Sunday afternoon. It was one of the most pleasant, as well as most interesting, journeys ever taken by the engineering department. Splendid courtesy and attention was shown them wherever they went, and the men in charge of the great Chicago plants and factories did everything possible to facilitate the sight-seeing and interest the young men who came from Notre Dame. All the members of the party join in thanking these men for the kindness and attention extended them.

L. J. CLEARY.

### The Chicago Alumni Reunion.

On Tuesday evening of this week nearly two hundred old students of the Gold and Blue gathered in a most enthusiastic rally in Chicago. The meeting was a great success, being marked by that true loyalty to *Alma Mater* that has ever been the comfort of Notre Dame. The principal speakers of the evening were the Very Rev. Father Morrissey, C. S. C., '78, Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross and former President of the University, and our Rev. President, Father Cavanaugh, C. S. C., '90. Father Morrissey spoke of the pioneer days of Notre Dame, of the struggles in the wilderness, and of the financial troubles that had to be overcome. "But those days," he said, "were of great value to the University we love so much, for they have left traditions of energy and loyalty that we might well emulate to-day."

Father Cavanaugh spoke of the future of the University. To quote his words from the *Chicago Tribune*: "While Notre Dame may well become greater in many ways, its ideals can never be raised. The ideals that have made the college what it is to-day will be the same a generation from now."

After these formal addresses, many informal speeches and toasts were given by the members. The pervading sentiment throughout was, "Let us do for Notre Dame." The members insisted on more frequent meetings no matter what the cost might be. The attendance numbered men successful in almost every profession. Such meetings are indeed an honor to the University. The Chicago Alumni Association has shown itself one of the most devoted to Notre Dame. Long prosper its members!

## Feast-Day of Very Rev. Father Français.

On Thursday, Feb. 4, the Faculty and students had the honor of entertaining Very Reverend Gilbert Français, C. S. C., Superior-General. Father General's Feast-Day is regularly observed at Notre Dame, and since its insertion last year in the University Calender has become an occasion both anticipated and remembered with pleasure. Mr. John M. Fox, '09, voiced the sentiment of the students in the following words:

VERY REVEREND FATHER FRANÇAIS:—It is always a pleasure to have you with us; it creates an occasion to be remembered long after many others have been forgotten. The ideals that you suggest and the duties and responsibilities that you impress upon our minds will remain as never-to-be-forgotten lessons of our college days. There are some few men, god-inspired, gifted men, who pass through life silently and peacefully and know not of the immense good they do. These men make their impress upon the very souls of all with whom they come in contact, acting as a silent but mighty and potent force in the moulding of the lives of others to the form of right living and thinking. Such a man do we consider you, Very Reverend Father, and as such a man do we reverence and respect you.

We realize that when we shall have left college we shall enter a life fraught with difficulties, and, it may be, with seeming failure, and then, indeed, will it be that the true force of men of your character will present itself as a guiding and protecting influence. You have taught us the impelling value of an ideal, and by your unswerving devotion to it amid terrible vicissitudes have shown us the inevitable triumph of patience, perseverance and virtue in any extremity.

The rapid growth of this institution to a place of peculiar prominence among the great universities of this New World stands as an indisputable proof of your success as a leader of the men by whom it is conducted. We are eager to have you feel that all of us, without exception, are in hearty sympathy with your work. We wish to thank you sincerely for the inspiration and incentive that your life gives us in striving after higher things. And, believe me, Very Reverend Father, that it is in the truest spirit possible, almost with a feeling of filial devotion, that we extend our congratulations to you on this your feast day, and it is our earnest wish that Providence may see fit to spare you for many years more to encourage us, at least by an occasional word and continual example, to advance onward to those heights which you, with your wonderful patience and virtue, have already obtained.

At the conclusion of Mr. Fox's remarks, the Very Rev. Father General arose and replied in these brief but earnest words:

Let me thank you sincerely, gentlemen, for the kindly sentiments to which you give such courteous expression on this my feast day. They are not less gratifying to me than honorable to yourselves. In

token of my gratitude, therefore, permit me to proffer you two things—a short counsel and a long holiday. The date of the holiday will be fixed by your worthy President, Reverend Father Cavanaugh; as for the counsel, I shall give it to you myself.

While you are yet young, utilize your whole strength in the acquisition of will-power. Become men of strong will and of good-will. Remember that among the faculties of the soul it is the will that should hold the sceptre, regulating our other powers and making use of their resources. If our life is not ruled by our will, then it is like a vessel, equipped with compass, masts, sails and sailors, but lacking a rudder, or having at most only a makeshift steering apparatus. You can fancy the fate of such a vessel thus conditioned.

There is a proverb common to all languages, but most tersely expressed in English: "Where there's a will, there's a way." Herein you have two words, two ideas, springing at once one from the other and presenting to us two graphic images, the vigorous agent "Where there's a will," and the accomplished work, "there's a way." No people has ever verified that proverb with more energy and success than the American nation. Whatever it has desired to be and to have, it has become and has acquired. It wishes to become more and more a leader among world-powers, and it will be such with its fleet which, first among the navies, has just made the circuit of the world as though for a holiday excursion, and with its colossal wealth of which so noble a use has just been made in coming to the relief of Italy. In urging you, therefore, to cultivate will-power, I am merely advising you individually to stamp yourselves with the seal that is the very distinctive mark of the typical American. Be strong of will, my young friends, strong to control, vanquish, and conquer yourselves. You will succeed; for in that field also, where there's a will, there's a way, and self-conquest is the supreme triumph of the human will. Once you have achieved that conquest, you will have peace and all the happiness and dignity associated therewith. Not I, but the angels of Heaven, give you the assurance: "Pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis."

Take then, my dear young friends, as my reiterated advice: Be men of good-will.

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 Concert by the Parland-Newhall Co.

The Parland-Newhall quartette of all-around musicians were with us Wednesday afternoon, and the varied program they presented with numerous artistic features, afforded genuine entertainment. Their singing was excellent as was also their selection on brass instruments. Their stellar performance, however, was with the bells. The number they handled rendered a wide range possible, and with performers to juggle them, as did Messrs. Parland and Newhall, it was shown that a very pleasing musical effect could be produced.

## In the College World.

"Cy" Boltz, centre-fielder on last year's team at Purdue, has been elected captain for 1909.

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Gov. Hughes, of New York, will lecture at Yale late this Spring on "The Responsibilities of Citizenship."

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At the University of Iowa the Co-Eds can have only one date each a week. Chafing-dish and fudge parties are tabooed.

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Recently the "Daily Maroon" of Chicago was turned over to the girls of the University. They edited the paper successfully, "all by themselves," for a whole day.

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The University of Michigan has just opened the largest and best-equipped dental building in America. A \$300,000 memorial building and a new chemistry building are in course of construction.

\* \*

Putnam County, in which Greencastle and De Pauw are situated, voted on the liquor question recently. The vote went in favor of local option by a big majority, partly on account of the great enthusiasm and zeal shown by the Faculty and students of De Pauw.

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Indiana University has been experiencing much trouble of late trying to get a supply of water. The water was turned on again on January 26, having been shut off since Thanksgiving. During that time the University had to have water shipped in, requiring three carloads per day.

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The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is to be held on the campus of the University of Washington. It will take place during the summer vacation. The buildings, which are to be erected, costing six-hundred thousand dollars, will be turned over to the University after the Exposition is ended, and will be used for the enlarging of the school.

O. A. S.

## Personals.

—In a report of one of the early meetings of the Oregon legislature, the *Daily Capitol Journal* bestows enthusiastic comment on a speech made by Nicholas Sinnott (Law 1892):

"For a young senator and a new member, Nick Sinnott made the finest talk of the day. He stood up squarely for the law, and said it was a great day for Oregon when the great stone of corruption was rolled away from the door of the national sepulchre, and clean men could come forth with their title resting upon the sacred franchises of the people. He showed by quotations from the constitutional convention of New York and other states that the people had reserved the right to instruct their representatives on any matter whatsoever, and he was not there to disobey their mandates."

—The venerable Brother Urban has commemorated in a characteristically quiet way the forty-eighth anniversary of his admission into the Congregation of the Holy Cross. He received the habit of the Community Jan. 23, 1861. During the half century that has passed since then this devoted and kindly Brother has been doing the work of God as teacher, as prefect and as guest-master at the University. His refined and gentle manner, the reflection of a beautiful soul, has endeared him to all with whom he labored, as it always excited the admiration of strangers. To the intense regret of all who knew him, failing health last summer compelled Brother Urban to retire to the Community House, where in solitude and calm he is rounding out a happy and prayerful life.

—A recent number of the *Columbian Record* contained these lines concerning the "youngest member of the Indiana Legislature," (Senator R. E. Proctor, of Elkhart, graduate in Law of Notre Dame, 1904:)

"Senator Proctor deserves special mention because of the fact that a few bigots in Elkhart and the vicinity 'raised the religious issue' in his case. But the young man met the issue like it ought to be met by every Catholic who enters public life. He didn't dodge or sidestep, but wherever he found any trace of the poisonous trail he appeared and openly asked the good honest electors of the county if they intended to 'discriminate against him because he was a Catholic. If they did he wanted to meet the issue.' The result was that Proctor surprised all the politicians by being elected in a strong Republican county by a majority of 92. Many strong Democrats had tried to win in that county for years but it was

always a hopeless fight and was still so regarded as late as last election day. Proctor's election furnishes a splendid example of what courage and fearlessness will accomplish in politics."

—That the men of Dayton have the right idea of the Notre Dame spirit was shown when the basket-ball team played there. Every man in Dayton who had ever been a student at Notre Dame came forward to welcome the representatives from his old *Alma Mater*. On Friday afternoon the players were shown the sights of Dayton in automobiles, and at night at a rousing smoker all the stories and reminiscences ever connected with Notre Dame were revived. On Saturday a luncheon was served them in the Phillips House by the Notre Dame Club, Harry Ferneding presiding. In the afternoon they were taken to a theatre, and seated in boxes over which hung the banner of Notre Dame. After the Varsity Club game Saturday night a dance was given them. Harry Ferneding, John C. Shea, John Kuntz, Peter Kuntz, George Krug, Albert Krug, William Carroll and Alexander McFarland took the different players to their homes and almost vied with each other in their efforts to entertain them. Although our players have ability and training, the encouragement received from such hospitality as this always promotes the winning spirit.

In a letter written to a member of the Faculty, John C. Shea (student '86-'91) writes:—"The Notre Dame basket-ball team (like the Romans) have come, have seen, and have conquered. The boys by this time have probably told you of their visit. We tried to make their stay pleasant and the boys say we have succeeded in doing so. I write at this time particularly to say to you that not only are they basket-ball players, every one of them, but they are gentlemen. They represent their *Alma Mater* well and naught but good can come from their visit to this city and every other place where they go. We all feel proud of them, as well, as of their achievements, and if any additional enthusiasm for Notre Dame was needed among the Dayton boys, it has been created by the fellows of the basket-ball team."

Mr. Alexander W. McFarland (Ph. B., 1906) writes: "The long awaited N. D. Basket-ball team has come and gone, leav-

ing me prouder than ever; not only because of the excellent victories the boys won here, but also because of the very fine gentlemen who won the victories. College athletes in general and Notre Dame athletes in particular were given a boost after our boys appeared here, and the Notre Dame men in Dayton have been going around quite lofty ever since."

The following excerpt is made from a letter to Joseph Murphy, freshman student in Law, written by a Dayton man who has never been a Notre Dame student: "Your Notre Dame basket-ball team is the best in the country. Our clubs here thought they knew basket-ball, but the Notre Dame men showed them how the game should be played at its best. No such basket-ball was ever seen in Ohio."

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#### Athletic Notes.

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##### TRACK.

The result of the First Regiment Meet in Chicago last Saturday gives a still brighter appearance to track prospects at Notre Dame this year.

Coach Maris' men went to Chicago and took away the honors of the meet from such stars as Irons, Lipski, Taylor, Harlow and Harris, winning three firsts, a second and two thirds. And apart from this Dana covered himself and Notre Dame with still more glory, by defeating Kinkead, the Purdue runner, by twenty yards in the thousand-yard special. Notre Dame won the meet with a score of 20; Central "Y" was second with 19, and the University of Chicago was a poor third with a total of 9. The other nine teams scored from one to eight points.

Fletcher, with eight points, was the largest individual point-winner of the meet. He took first place in the forty-yard dash and ran second to Moriarty in the hurdles.

Steers, with a handicap of only 24 yards in the mile run, overtook his leaders in the first half of the race, and by good headwork during the last half, outran Harlow, the C. A. A. star. Moriarty showed wonderful form in the hurdles winning over a fairly large field, Fletcher taking second honors. In the pole vault Moriarty added another point. In reality "Mory" was tied for

second place, but lost out by handicap.

Ben Oliel showed good form in the two-mile race, taking third place. Dimmick and Philbrook, while not winning any places in the shot put, showed up well. Philbrook made the second best put of the evening by actual measurement. Both were at a disadvantage owing to the form of shot used; it was leather covered and filled with fine shot instead of the solid metal ball used here. On the whole, Coach Maris was very well pleased with the showing made by the men, and expects to bring a championship title to Notre Dame in track this year as well as in basket-ball.

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#### BASKET-BALL.

NOTRE DAME, 47; BUTLER, 11.

On January 27, the Varsity played the first game of its Indiana-Ohio trip, defeating Butler College at Indianapolis in a lively game by a score of 47-11. The game was devoid of any especially interesting features.

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N. D., 30; ST. MARY'S INSTITUTE, 13.

The St. Mary's Institute Team of Dayton, Ohio, which had suffered only five defeats in several years, went down before the N. D. team at Dayton, January 29. The game was fast and interesting and was witnessed by a large crowd. Our "rep" in basket-ball had preceded us, and the crowd turned out to see the "Conquerors of the South" in action.

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N. D., 48; DAYTON VARSITY CLUB, 16.

Notre Dame defeated the Varsity Club of Dayton, 48-16, in a fast game on January 30. The Varsity Club team was outclassed by Notre Dame in every way and had to accept the short end of the score. The game, which was attended by a large crowd, was featured by the wonderful playing of Vaughan who tossed eleven field-goals. Maloney took second honors with eight.

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NOTRE DAME, 31; WABASH, 22.

After prolonged disagreement, Manager Wood finally succeeded in arranging two games with Manager Eller, one of which

was played last night at Crawfordsville, the other to take place at Notre Dame on the 27th of February. We had almost anticipated defeat at the hands of Wabash last night in playing them on their own floor, but the event has shown that there was not the slightest danger. Wabash's claim to the championship of the State, whatever it may have been, has been seriously damaged by this contest. Notwithstanding the apparently decisive victory of last night, however, there will be a high pitch of interest for the contest on the 27th.

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#### PRESS COMMENTS.

The following, taken from a Dayton paper, is now a general opinion: "The Notre Dame team is a team of big, husky fellows, quick and aggressive,—but always gentlemanly in action."

"Notre Dame had everything and was everywhere. Hardly a member of the crowd had any idea that such a well-balanced team existed. All gazed with wonderment at the brilliant floor covering, at the whirlwind attack, and steady defense. It was a sight never before seen in Dayton."—*Dayton Journal*.

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#### Brownson Literary Society.

The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its fourteenth regular meeting last Sunday evening. The election of officers was held and the following will preside during the ensuing term: James O'Flynn, president; Robert Gowen, vice-president; Carmodel Dixon, secretary; Ambrose Scanlon, treasurer; L. Herman, sergeant-at-arms, and Claude Sack, reporter. The Lincoln program was given out, and the participants intend making it the best that the Society has put forth. The subject for Interhall debate will be announced the latter part of the month.

N. B.—Classes ordinarily taught on Friday will be held, this coming week, on Thursday.

Anyone having items of any sort for insertion in the latter portion of the SCHOLASTIC will please submit before Thursday Noon preceding the date of issue. Only news of the most pressing necessity will find a place after that time.—EDITORS.